

A Different Beginning

by Mimi011

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Summary: Hello world of fanfiction this is my first entry to your world! So, Hiccup lives in a village for half dragons. Then Toothless, his fatherly figure takes him and his girlfriend on a journey. To Berk. What will happen when the village finds him? Or will they? What will happen? well u read story to find out! Formally A New Beginning. PEACE.

1. Chapter 1

Introduction

In Viking times, on a Viking island, a beautiful Viking woman was in a fierce battle against a dragon. Dragons were like mosquitoes on this island, harming anything they could. The dragons would come to the village to create havoc for its inhabitants. But these people were very stubborn. They would fight the dragons with all their will power. Like this woman was. She took her muscular arms to lift a huge hammer, and swung it into the beast's nose. And the crying, coming for her infant boy she kept in a swing on her back, would only attract more dragons. But she kept on fighting, hammering and punching and kicking. Anything to keep her village safe. She knocked a blue dragon with spikes on its tail on the snout, making it howl in pain. But it quickly came back to its senses, and gave out a loud roar. Before the woman could react she was surrounded by dragons. Tall and slim, short and long, tallish and stout. There were so many if you were in a fight with a different beast it would loose interest in you and head over to the rest of the dragons. They all surrounded her, and she just continued going in circles, predicting which one would strike first. Then it happened. Someone was trying to get into the ring of dragons to save her yelled "Night Fury!" followed by "get down!" There was a high pitched screech, like there was something comes at the speed of sound towards you. The woman was lifted into the air, screaming and kicking, at a hundred miles per hour. The strange creature that had lifted her into the air had extremely sharp talons, but strangely she couldn't fell them in her back, but felt a

tugging around her waist.

Her heart stopped.

This devil had its claws wrapped around her son. How could she have forgotten about him? She carefully slipped out of the sling, still holding on though. She turned around so she could see her kidnapper. Then she made the mistake of looking down. She was hundreds of feet above the ground, or ocean really. If she fell the cold water would feel like knives in her skin, she would either drown or freeze or both.

Ignoring the instant death option, the woman looked up to barely see anything, only an outline of the dragon her people called Night Fury. No one has ever seen one and lived to tell the tale. And at that realization she knew to night would be the night she died. She accepted this fate as her own, but not as her son's. she looked up at the dragon and said " give him back you lousy good for nothin' coward!"

The Fury looked down and she gasped. Its eyes were as clear as day, a stringy patteren of lime green. So stunning, the woman had no other choice but to let her mouth hang open and her eyes peeled.

The dragon looked down at her, snorted in disgust, and dropped the sling.

She could already feel herself falling to her death, when she realized she wasn't moving at all.

Looking up again, she saw that this winged reptile only moved the sling into his or her paw. Sighing in relief, the woman closed her eyes, only opening them again to a face full of fire. And that was her end.

Wow! My first story starterish thingy. I think I did realy well on that. Did you?

Please review! PEACE from Mimi011 :]

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 1! Hey everyone thank you infinity for all the great reviews! Especially Night Fury 321, Dragon829, and thunder angel13. I checked the reviews right when I went to bed, but I got so excited I couldn't sleep! So now I will continue this fanfic .

I do not own HTTYD

Watching over the dark blue ocean, like I could control it if I wanted to. How it would go on forever in till it reached that wall of fog, forever protecting humans from sailing in to my village. The sound of it crashing against the steep death drop below me. I couldn't care less if I am in danger because that's never a good way to think. Yes I indeed am sitting on the edge of Rolling's Point, but who cares! I have my backups. My black metal over shirt, made by fusing together tiny bits of metal to make a scale pattern, with a cotton shirt underneath it. Same With my pants, only they had denim under them. Along with a pair of dragon wings I made so I could go

flying with the rest of the inhabitants on the hidden island that I live in. And so I can carry them around anywhere I want, they fold up on my back! As I gazed off into space, I thought of little problems that I really shouldn't be worried about. For example, magic training, martial arts (the elder says it is one of a kind), Cecilly, pronounced Sisillee, my radical girlfriend, the Forgeâ€|

Oh crap my break was over hours ago!

Getting to my feet, I ran into the pine forest at amazing speeds. Dodge tree to left. Now to the right. Jump over the root. My mind was frantically giving me directions. Andâ€|

It felt great! The wind in my hair! My muscles getting a wake up call! The tree I didn't get around in time! Wait, what?
THUNK!

"Aaah, jeese how long was I out?" I said, half asleep.

"About an hour Hiccup, but seriously Gen, you shouldn't run down Rolling Point. There is a reason they named it that." Said Cecilly.

My eyes shot right open, and I sat straight up, only to be greeted by a sharp pain in my stomach. " Aaah, new question, I broke something didn't I?"

"Nope, but that cut was really bleeding when me and (terror spelled backwards, clever, right?) got there. The cut on your stomach. So you need to rest up, and there's a mentor session today. But since the Healer put you on bed rest for now, I'll take notes for you. So goodbye I will come back as soon as I can." Then Cecilly walked out of my cabin. Laying back down I gave out a sigh._ Well this is going to be a fun day._ I thought to myself. My cabin was about the size of a large walk in closet. Not that I don't like it, I actually wanted it this way. I have a bed and a desk and a dresser, normal bedroom stuff. It's very cozy, and I find it easier to concentrate here. I come up with a lot of good designs for rigs, traps, armor, you name it, I can make it. So this leads it to be filled with random blueprints everywhere. On the floor, on the walls, even on the ceiling. I'm a total geek. It was about thirty meters away from my father's house, Issac Rorret. Well he is my adopted father; my real family is humans on some far away isle. He's a medium sized jet black dragon, one of the last ones of his kind. His green eyes can penetrate the soul. He is the master of dragon fighting. He also one of the most powerful dragons ever in existents.

Coming back to reality, Cecilly's birth day was coming up soon. _She likes battle outfits, small weapons, , what do I give her. She did seem interested in the rig I was making last week._ I got up and painfully walked over to my cluttered desk. I stuffed the papers that were already on the flat top into the desk and looked at the rare sight of my clean work space. _Cleaner,_ my mind corrected me. I took a paper and chalk bit from the floor and started to get my ideas out of my head. Swift, graceful, strokes the pencil made as I drew out the blue prints for my latest invention. It felt like heaven. This is my true happy place. Not only was it my happy place, but now it was my happier place. _Because it was for my love._

I woke up to my door slamming. Startled I jumped up, and fell out of

my chair. I couldn't register anything before Cecilly spoke up. "GEN**!**" she screamed, stomping over to me and pulling me to my feet with the back of my shirt collar. "Gen, Oh Gen guess what! The mentor, he said that we get to go on our first quest! Tomorrow! And we were assigned to the same island! Just us! Can you believe it?!" I couldn't process anything she said, I did just wake up. So I tried to respond, "Wha?" staring at the normally red head teen, she now, literately, had red hair. That would happen if she had any strong emotions._She is half Bright Flame,_ I thought to myself.** (Bright Flame is a Monstrous Nightmare)** She turned to me, "Oh right, I woke you up. Is your stomach okay?"

"Yeah, I guess, so what were you talking about?" The truth was I could feel it, and it did hurt, but I didn't let that bother me. I looked at her and saw a look of excitement, and a side of worry. Her hair reached her shoulder's, with a slight wave to it. She was wearing a leather coat that had a turtle neck, with a brown wool sweater underneath. Her pants were denim with leather saps on the side, many pockets lining them. She was curved in all the right places. She has a small nose, big, brown eyes, and small lips. Her face's figure was strong, like her dragon heritage. And if she ever flexed for you, you could see how ripped she is. But her most catching feature is her wings. They were strong and thick like leather, and surprisingly light. They are a light maroon, and had spikes that stuck out the bottom. Her wingspan is about eight feet, two feet at the widest. In a way (not to be rude) they had the same structure as bat wings do. They sprouted out of her shoulder blades, and could fold against her vertically, then move up so they wouldn't touch the ground._ Your just staring at her_, my mind reminded me. Then I got to attention and motioned for her to go on.

"Oh, yeah, right. So the instructor gave the class a little surprise today. He said that we are heading out on our first quest tomorrow, and everyone was assigned a partner. And you are my partner!"

Alone.

Together.

A far away land."

She said this so seductively. _Oh boy. Alone, together, and far away from anyone to say anything. The perfect time to make my move. "_ Then we will have an, _excellent_ time, won't we?" I said back to her. Her hair set on fire.

I leaned in, and so did she. I closed my eyes, and I knew she copied. Leaning in closer, the suspense killing me. I felt her exhale, so close. _One, two, three,â€¦_

"Okay break it up you two, and starta packin' for your trip! And don't do anything crazy when your there."

Eyes bolt open, lean back, try not to blush. That last part didn't go to well. Dad walked right in, sat down, and looked at us with eager eyes. He continued, in dragon tongue, " and get your sleep, we head off early in the morning."

Cecilly spoke up, "Well I will, get going, follow your advice ." Then

she awkwardly walked out and slowly closed the door with a creek.

"And that goes for you too" My father said. And he as well walked out of the cabin.

So in the still lingering suspense, I quickly got undressed. Got in bed and fell asleep almost instantly.

3. Chapter 3

Hello peoples of the world, I'm back! And a special thanks to D-R-A-G-O no n, the real spelling of that is Drago829, so sorry about that. But that's an excellent question. Answer- Well he lives in a different village, his real parents weren't there to name him. They somehow did find out his real name though, but it's so stupid to them so they renamed him. So when they call Gen Hiccup it's more of an insult. So back to reality!

Chapter 2

**(Its morning and the gang is being given some last minute info)
**

" Okay, so before we ship you off, I gonna' have ta' go through your luggage, and take out most of it. And maybe add a few things." The mentor said. This is to be expected. Cecilly yawned next to me.

"Hey let's just get on ." she said sleepily, and I nodded in agreement. She opened her beautiful maroon wings and flew away. "Okay, here we go." I said talking to myself. I lifted my own hand made wings into place, unclipped my smaller side wings into place, and lifted up my smallest set of wings that I built in to my shoes. They're the exact same design as dad's, and they work perfectly every time I use them. They are made out of light leather for the membrane, then some hollow sticks I carved as the bone. There width is about One and a half feet, and the wingspan is six feet. The other two pairs of wings are made out leather and metal. I made them on lessons and lessons of flying, something I could never do naturally. So I started running down the nearest hill, and took off into the sky! Three feet, six feet, twelve feet. And in the air how great it feels. Your arm muscles getting a workout! The wind in your hair! No trees to accidentally hit face on! And all the things below you seem so insignificant, like you could rule over them. Ahhh, life can be a dream. I looked down at all the cabins, all the people, everything.

I could feel at peace here. But peace never lasts long. So realizing again why I even took off in the first places, I made a ninety degree angle to where dad was.

The landing docks, there like what I guess a water dock looks like, but in the air. The docks were on the steepest hill on the isle, and had stairs all the way up to the top. I don't think even the town nutthead would even want to go up the stairs. So circling the hill until I made it to the top, I looked down at the poor fellows that were taking some of my class's luggage up the stairs. At the top I landed, folded my wings up, and started to try to find my dad.

"Hey Gen, over here! You were beat to me by a girl!" I turned to the dock to my left, and saw Cecilly and dad waving at me.

Running over there I said "I didn't know it was a race." "Well things of life are better when you have something to work on." Dad smartly replied. Looking at Cecilly she said "look here comes the luggage." Turning to where she was pointing, I saw the sweaty

* * *

><p>people that had to carry all of that stuff up the stairs when I was flying.</p>

"Poor guys." I said. Then Cecilly ran over to them, picked up her brown leather bag and my black one, and came back.

"Okay let's go!" she said excitedly, as she handed the bags to dad and hopped on his back. I quickly followed her lead, heart pounding.

"You kids ready?" dad spoke up. "Save the questions and fly!" said Cecilly, slightly annoyed.

"Gotcha." Dad said after he finally took flight. It was amazing.

The sun rise reflected a shadow of light on the sea below me. The clouds orange, and purple and pink from the glow. And as we gained altitude, the clouds got closer to us. I looked back to Cecilly, when the clouds were only a foot above us. She reached her perfect hand into the clouds and grazing the bottom, and let out a small giggle. She looked back at me, and I looked at her. Her hair slowly turning red, she leaned down and held on to my waist, smiling. I smiled back, and then turned back to what was in front of me.

Dad looked back and gave me a stupid smile, but I was in the moment, and nothing around me mattered, but her. _

* * *

><p>The next few hours were overall, BORING. No one spoke up at all until we were there. We got there at what seemed to be ten at night.

"Look Gen that will be our home for the next month." Cecilly said. I was a little surprised when she said that, but she was on the brim of falling asleep. "Yeah Gen we're almost there, but before we land, let me give you a little description of the place." Said dad, and now changing into more of a monotone voice, "Before we land on Issac travels, this is the island of Berk. It is inhabited by humans. They call themselves Vikings, and are extraordinary warriors. This fair island is also inhabited by most common game, such as White Tailed Deer, Rabbits, Geese, et cetera. It has fresh water, and all Pine forest. And now keep your head down and your eyes peeled because these people are thirsty for dragon blood." And at that note, I did exactly what he did. Dragon_ hunters?! We're being dropped off in the middle of death for us! That's insane, how are we not supposed to get caught?!_ Dad circled to the front of the island, and what we saw made us gasp.

I looked down on what seemed to be a mini war. Humans versus dragons. It was terrible; there was rage in the air as I looked at a Spike Tail **(deadly nadder)** that was pinned down and being hit with a hammer on the head by a huge man with a dirty blond beard, and a weird helmet with horns on the side.

This was a delightful sight for the first time I have ever seen another human other than my own reflection.

"Humans_. "_ Cecilly said, somehow pulled out of her half-sleep. And she said it with so much hate, I felt in danger near her. " , can I please see my bag." She said, her hair starting to glow and heat up.

"I don't like what you're thinking, but if you insist." Dad said as he gave Cecilly's bag to me, and I gave it to her. Her dragon instincts are taking over, she's going to shoot somebody._ My mind told me, but I couldn't stop what she was about to do, I don't know if I even want her not to.

She took the bag from me and rummaged through it until she pulled out her favorite bow and arrow set. I looked back, her hair eliminating her face in a scary glow. Her eyes were far away, and she set the bow and pulled back. I watched her silently, over hearing the battle cries of both dragons and humans. Then I looked to her target.

I could barely see a large woman swinging an axe at a downed Spike Tail. Then I heard a 'Zzzzip' right next to me as Cecilly let go of the arrow, sending it hurdling towards the woman.

I looked back at the large woman to see her lying in a lifeless pile next to the dragon. A brown bearded man with one of those funny hats ran up next to her, seeing if she was okay. The woman slowly raised her hand, pointing towards us, and the man followed her gaze.

"Let's go." Cecilly spoke up, her voice filled with defeat. Why? She was probably sad she couldn't help that poor dragon. Dad nodded quietly, and we flew back to the opposite side of the island.

He set us down on the edge of a cliff and handed me my luggage, " I'll see you in a month, have fun." He said in a very out of character voice, sad, with a hint of regret.

"Bye dad." I said, same as him, and he flew off.

The sound of crickets blocked out all the other noises. The grass was snow covered, and it was starting to cool down my armor. I look out beyond the cliff to see the star speckled sky merging with the navy blue ocean. The full moon shone brightly overhead; the sun of the night. It glowed so brightly you could see everything, so beautiful. I crossed my arms over my chest for warmth, but all I felt was a sharp pain. Idiot, you forget so fast. Don't you? My conscience annoyed me. I looked behind me to see a dark forest of pine, towering over my head, almost intimidating.

We stood there like that for a while.

"Those heartless monsters." Cecilly said, quite coldly. "They were killing them, for Oden knows why!" she said, more angry than time. "We need to avenge them!" she said again, turning to me.

"Why, why would, why would theyâ€?" she couldn't continue. Her hair started glowing, and it showed her watery eyes. I walked up and hugged her.

She started crying into my shoulder, her hair on fire. The flames were warm, but they weren't hot and they didn't burn. I tried to comfort her.

"They must have a reason, I'm sure humans aren't that ruthless." I said, trying to make it as comforting as possible.

"Let's find somewhere to sleep, alright?" I said, secretly in hopes of getting her productive again.

"Sniff, umhm, sniff!" Cecilly agreed pulling herself away from me. We started walking away from the cliff, and into the forest of pine.

On our little walk we found a canyon-like hole after about ten minutes into it. It had a small lake in the middle, which was probably plentiful with fish. I helped Cecilly down a crack in the west wall, and then fell down myself. We walked around the lake to find a small cave under the east wall, settled down on opposite sides, and passed out from the exhaustion of the day.

Wow, typing that was faster than the last chapter! And im so very sorry if a sentence ends without an ending, all of those are supposed to say mister Rorret, the website won't let me put it in the name. Please review!PEACE from Mimi011 :)

4. Chapter 4

Hello! And I'm back for the third or fourth chapter! I would like to thank Buttercupfan101, Underworld Angel, thunder angell3, and Ventus286 for following! My computer has had some troubles so it might take a little longer for me to update. But today is Yom Kippur, and I'm off school today. I love u all sooo much!

I do not own HTTYD

Cecilly's POV

I slowly started to drift into consciousness. The first thing I saw was a huge rock over my head.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!" I screamed. "AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHH!" Gen screamed next to me. I jumped up and started panting from the early morning scare, and my hair lifted off my shoulders and towards the sky, the way most fires head.

"What's the matter?" Gen asked, sitting down, panting as heavy as I was.

"It looked like I was about, ha ha, to be crushed, ppfft, by a rock!" I exclaimed loudly, bursting out in laughter by my own wake up call. "HA HA HA! Ahh, I feel like I slept on a rock." Then I looked down to see that I did indeed sleep on a rock, only to be resulted by more laughter.

"Well hopefully you will be sleeping on a rock for the next month now." Gen said as my hair started dying down. "We don't want angry Vikings putting us to sleep on a wooden floor." This statement sent shivers down my spine as I remembered last night. Well someone woke up on the wrong side of the rock.

We both sat there for a couple minutes in awkward silence.

'Ruurr' my head darted to Gen. "looks like somebody's hungry." I told a slightly annoyed boyfriend. "So on that note, let's go hunting." We both got up and headed to the and outside the cave.

I stepped out into the morning to find a somewhat snow covered mini canyon, with a lot of pine tree roots hanging over the side, and a small fresh water lake in the middle. So based that there were leaves on the trees that weren't red, and that the lake wasn't an ice rink, i would say that it is right in the middle of spring. And all of the sides of the canyon were rock, so I bet from the top it's almost invisible.

"Nice job on picking a home, but how do we get out of here?" I asked.

Not responding, He walked over to the west wall, leaving snowy footprints here and there. I wasn't so far behind when he climbed into a crack in the wall and disappeared.

"Could you get the rope from my bag?" I heard his voice echo from somewhere in the crack. And doing just as he said I quickly went back to the cave, got the rope from his bag, and returned to her original spot in front of the crack.

"What now?" I yelled. "Climb up Here!" I heard Gen scream again, looking up to see that he already made his way above the wall. So I went into the crack, seeing that it was like a spiral staircase.

Hmm, well what do you know? I thought to myself as I climbed the oddly shaped landform.

At the top I was greeted by Gen, along with the singing of the birds. "We can set some snares, and then we'll check out that village." He said, turning around making his shaggy brown hair turn with him.

We walked past huge pine trees, towering over us like the landing docks. I wonder how our other classmates are doing. I thought to myself as we walked over a fallen plant.

I ran into Gen when he decided to set a snare under a root of a tree next to him. "Okay, that's the last one; now let's go check out that village." Wait, how was that the last one? Was I really day dreaming for that long? I shrugged the questions off as Gen and I headed in what I think is north.

I looked up into the snow covered trees; watched the birds go by; be bored out of my mind for a few minutes of walking until a topic came to mind.

"What do you think will happen if they find us? I mean from the description last night it looked like they were ready to tear off

limbs." I said, trying not to take a visit to la-la land again.

"They won't find us, but I'll take extra precautions to hide you, because if they found me, I could find a way out of it. You, on the other hand, they would put you in a cage and they'd take turns one by one killing you off."

"Well isn't someone in a cheery mood today." I said, rather sarcastically, but I was taking his advice to stay hidden. His statement might not be a myth.

Then I heard something snap. "Get down!" Gen tried to whisper, but came out more like a regular talking voice. He ran about five feet away, and hid under a bush, pushing his hand made wings to the ground.

I quickly scampered off behind another bush, and folded my own wings as low to the ground as possible, not wanting to be seen. Then I heard what sounded like talking, and risked a peek to the side of my hiding spot.

What I saw was no surprise to me. Sort of like when you just know something is going to happen, and when it does your like 'I told you so'.

I watched a couple a teenagers, probably around my age; make their way through the forest. Two were probably twins, based that they looked exactly like each other, and that they sort of had the sibling rivalry thing going. They both had blond hair, those really stupid helmet things that all the people were wearing last night, and had the same body structure. Except that one was a girl with a lot of hair all braided up, and the other a guy with dreadlocks that got darker the further they were to the ground.

Then there was a taller, really fat kid with a smaller hat than the rest of the teens. He had blond hair as well, and was wearing some sort of fur tunic. He looked like he was desperately avoiding any sort of conflict, which lead him to just standing there, quietly observing the fight between the twins.

There also was a muscular guy with stringy blackish hair. He was shorter than fatty and about the same height as the twins. He was wearing a vest, and green pants. He looked like a leader, but all of that was pushed aside when he tried to what I guess was flirt with a different blond girl carrying an axe.

Now this girl looked lethal. She had the same textured hair as flirty boy, but it was blond. She kept it in a ponytail, with a spiked head band around her head instead of a helmet like the rest of the bunch were wearing. Her shirt was like a higher necked tank top, with slightly longer sleeves that ended with metal shoulder pad things. The shirt had a sort of blue green gray horizontal stringy pattern to it. She had red leather (I hope it was dyed) battle skirt with spikes down it, and tiny skulls on top of each strip. And under that she had what I think were denim pants, with big fur boots. Her waist line was dangerously skinny. And her blue eyes were so serious they looked like they could bring down armies by just a quick glance.

Gen's eyes looked like that the first time I met him. My mind told

me. Then I started to pick up bits of their conversation.

"Hey! Will you guys quit fighting, we're almost there." The scary blond girl said. Almost where?

"Yeah, keep it moving dirt bag! I'm hoping to get some mauling, like, on my shoulder or lower back." The girl twin said to her brother, who pushed his hand up in her face.

"Yeah, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it." The scary blond girl said again. These people are nuts! Pain isn't fun, it hurts!

"I'm gonna' rip out every dragon's heart that I see, with my face! All for you, Astrid." The flirty boy said to the scary blond, now named Astrid. But she just ignored him. So these are the next generation of dragon hunters, nice to meet them.

I played out a little scene in my head of me popping out of the bushes and into the air, kicking twin girl in the face, then jumping on top of fatty, and club him with my fists to the face. Then jump down from him on the ground and let flirty guy meet a nice foot in the face. And to finish it off, have the two remainders try to attack me, only for me I would do a double take down, spin kick!

A small giggle escaped my mouth at the thought of it.

Opps.

"Shh, did you guys hear that?" Astrid said, probably hearing my giggle of delight. The other teens stopped what they were doing and stood perfectly still, listening for any out of the ordinary sounds.

I held my breath, not knowing if they would hear my breathing. I looked towards where Gen was only to find him looking at me with a weird expression on his face. No.

He was going to distract them from me.

Before I could even shake my head he popped his head up.

"Please, he, help me." Gen said this like he was frail, and all of the teens looked over to him, startled.

"Oh, are you okay?" Astrid said, leaning to one side when walking to see if Gen was hurt.

"Please, help," he said before fake fainting. She quickly was at his side, and got to her knees, and started rolling him on his back while the other teenagers walked over hesitantly to see Astrid's discovery. That's some pretty good acting. My mind told me irritatingly.

"We have to get him to Gobber! Here, help me carry him." Astrid said as flirty boy went to help her. Astrid held Gen's shoulders up as flirty boy picked up his feet.

Once he was up, fatty and male twin got the two other open sides across from each other, and started off northwards.

"I'll go alert Gobber!" said female twin before running off ahead of them.

I watched them walk off before coming out of my hiding spot, hair catching on fire for the second time today. My mouth hung open, not believing what he did to protect me, even though in a way it wasn't necessary.

I walked out to the path that they were on just a moment before and looked down to where they went.

"Oh Gen." I said as my hair shone as brightly as the sun and a single tear rolled down my cheek.

Wow I actually felt a small urge to cry at that last part. I can't believe what he did for her. Oh, young love! So what will happen to Gen/Hiccup? Was that too short? You'll have to review to find out! PEACE from Mimi011 :)

5. Chapter 5

Hello! I'm back writing the fifth chapter! So did you like my cliffhanger? I think it added something. So here we go!

I do not own HTTYD

Gen's POV

I couldn't tell where they were taking me, but I didn't care. As long as Cecilly's safe. Thinking about it, yes I might have overreacted, but they could've seen her! What are these fools going to think when they see their first half-dragon? Kill it! So I guess I'm just going to play it out here for a while until I can get back to Cecilly. _Play out what, exactly?_ Oh I hate you mind! You're really annoying.

"Is he still alive?" I deep voice came from my right said. "His still has a pulse." I heard a lighter voice from my left say, but it was defiantly a guy that said it. "Will you focus on our situation! I think we're almost to the ring." A more feminine voice spoke up above me. _The ring of what?_ All I could do without blowing my cover to protest was give out a small moan.

"You guys are being too rough with him! He could already be hurt!" the feminine voice called out again; authority and youngness in here voice. _I hope they find that cut on my stomach a big enough wound for them. But I am starting to freeze in this frozen armor._ I reminded myself, but brought back by a sudden noise.

"Oh dear Odin! Where did you find this poor fellow?" an old sounding woman voice said below me.

"We found him on the way to the kill ring for training, but then he came out of the bushes and fainted!" the voice from above me said. "Take him to my shop, I'll see what to do with him there." The old woman voice said below me as the rough ride started again.

My 'savors' jogged me up and down hills, or so I thought. I heard

talking around me, not from the people carrying me but farther away, probably side comments from pass byres.

I kept hearing these whispers until I heard a door open and then shut. Then I felt myself being dropped. For a moment I thought they were going to drop me on the floor, but instead I felt a semi-soft bed.

I heard panting across the room, and then a conversation started up. "That, pant, was, pant, exhausting." A winded deep voice came from where the panting was, and I guessed it was the guy that was carrying my right side. "But where do you think he came from? I mean he isn't anyone I've ever seen around here." A new voice came in, probably the muscular boy that was flirting with that blond girl.

Better come up with a cover story, fast.

So I decided it would be best to give these people some answers. I gave out a low moan.

"Wait, I think he's waking up." The female voice came from across the room, and then some footsteps came close to me. I shifted on the idea of opening my eyes, but then thought sooner or later I'll have to open them anyway.

So, slowly, I let my eyes open. In front of me was a cute blond girl with stunning light blue eyes, probably the girl they were referring to as Astrid. She gave me look of relief and curiosity, and then sighed after she realized I wasn't seriously hurt.

"You gave me quite a scare back there, are you hurt?" she asked.
Hurry; think of something to say, think, think, think!

"I think I have a couple of gashes here and there, but I can't feel anything broken." I said, almost too normal.

"Are you sure? You looked like you saw Odin's ghost out there, but the healer will be here soon, so she'll have a look at you." She left my bedside, and walked over to the rest of the group that carried me in here.

"Well, if you don't need anything, I guess we will be going." She said shaking her head towards the three guys that carried me in here.
Thanks for nothing, now what am I going to do.

"Thank you for getting me out of there, I felt like I was on was last life." I said to her. I guess she just took that for granted that she found me.

"You're welcome, but if you are smart don't go out there again, it still isn't warm enough for walks in the forest."

She started for the door, but right when she was about to open it, it swung open to reveal a short woman as old as time it itself.

"And where do you you're going? Don't you have questions about this young man?" the old woman said walking slowly but surely towards the bed I was laid on. When she finally came over to my bed, she hopped on a stool I just noticed was there.

"Boy what in the world are you wearing? Is that metal?" The healer reached over to me and put a hand on my freezing armor, and quickly recoiled. The four very bored teens just stood in the corner near the door, starting another conversation. There was a fire in the middle of the room, and beds lined the walls. _This must be some sort of infirmary._ I thought to myself while looking at the shelves between each bed filled to over filling with medical equipment and healing remedies.

"You didn't answer my question boy." The old woman said in a raspy voice. "Oh, yes ma'am, its metal." I said back to her with as much respect as I could.

"Well get it off of you, you'll freeze." She said back to me, "And you kids go to your classes," she said turning her attention to the group of teens in the corner, "I don't want that mentor of yours to blame me for keeping you off of training."

The group of four quickly did what she said; relieved they didn't need to spend the entire day looking after a sick man.

Once they were gone, I started unbuttoning my armor shirt, then pulled of my metal pants, leaving me red cheeked from being in only my under clothes in front of this stranger woman.

She looked at me in a curious way, and then took more interest in patting me down and asking me if it hurt. "I think I might have cut myself on my stomach." I say, hoping to end her search. She looked at my stomach and reached for my shirt bottom, lifting it up to reveal my wounded stomach.

"You sure did get quite a scrape there, but it looks a couple days old, how exactly did you get lost in those woods? Are you even from this village?" the healer asked a worried expression of curiosity across her face. _Here we go._

"Well, you see my family, lived way farther south of here. But it started getting too hot for us, so we packed up our belongings, and sailed northwards. â€|But there was a terrible storm a few days into the journey, and our ship sank. I woke up on a snow covered beach, and spent a couple days in the forest, little food, and little water. Until today when those teenagers found me, and I woke up here." I tried to sound as pained as possible when telling my fake backstory.

"So the rest of your family, perished?" the healer asked me. I nodded. "I'm so sorry about your loss, but you can stay in Berk as long as you want." She said, trying to sound as sincere as possible.

She then got down from here stool and walked over to a shelf half way across the room, got on a ladder to reach a jar of a brown mystery substance, then got down from the ladder with the jar. She walked back to her stool, opened the jar, and dumped its contents onto my stomach.

It looked like poo. "Umm, what is this, exactly?" I asked the healer as she started rubbing it around. "Berries mixed with ale." She said, not even looking up from her work. "Oh." I said, a little surprised

at here answer. These people defiantly not magic practicers, in my village they would treat wounds slowly over time with natural and supernatural mixes.

How can I live even a month without using magic? Then the woman hopped of her stool, and headed over to the back of the house where there was a basin of water and a basin full of cloth. She reached in and pulled out a brown towel. Then walked back, and hopped on the stool again.

She started wiping off the mix, but I didn't pay much attention. Okay, so you're an orphan boy that doesn't know how to survive in the wild; you don't know the cold and people try to help you. Until you mysteriously disappear without a trace, never to be seen again. Yeah, I could live with that.

The healer got all the medicine off. "Boy, you wouldn't mind borrowing some warm clothes until it gets warmer for you to where those clothes of yours?" She asked. I considered this, but I haven't worn anything else but the armor for three entire years, it's kind of grown on me.

"I'm sorry, it's kind of grown on me, my father made it for me three years ago." I said, sealing that I would stay in my normal attire. "Oh, I'm sorry, of course you can keep your, um, armor. What exactly is that you were wearing?" She asked curiously, looking at my clothes that I had thrown on the floor in front of her stool. Oh how I love bragging.

"It's made from tiny pieces of metal chained together, with dragon teeth as buckles." I said proudly, holding up the shirt for her to behold, her eyes widening at the teeth. So much for keeping a low profile.

"Your father was a dragon killer?" She asked, here we go again. "He found the teeth, but my entire isle has nothing against dragons. They rarely even come over, but when they do we don't mind. They have never stolen or destroyed anything as long as we can remember, and my village as kept records since the beginning of the clan." I said, which half of it wasn't a lie, my people considered brains over brawn.

"Impossible! Dragons would never not destroy when they had the chance, they're ruthless killing machines!" the old woman said, quickly jumping up on her stool. "Dragons have been killing and stealing and destroying things in our clan as long as my people can remember! Which even though we don't bother to keep records, we're not dumb enough to see that dragons aren't killers! Because they are!" She said, yelling in rage.

Her eyes reflected a hate for the creatures, covering up the grief they have caused her, showing that she had a strong soul. I thought of a smart reply.

"Sometimes, violence is no way to deal with conflict." I said, soundly very wise if I don't say so myself.

She stopped when I said this. Probably because the statement went against all of her teachings and beliefs, or maybe because she realized I was right. But for whatever reason it stunned her.

"Boy, your people are peaceful the way you express yourself." She said, silver hair covering her eyes, and her short figure slouching. _Oh gods, what did I do?_

"Yes ma'am." I said, worried I had hurt this old woman's gentle feelings. I sat up in my bed, wincing a little from the gash on my stomach.

"Well, I'm afraid you tell you this clan is just the opposite, we have been in war with the beasts since we came here seven generations ago. I just hope you know how to fight." She said, stepping down from her stool once more, and then looking back up to me.

"I will come back if Chief Stoic lets you stay in the guest house, seeing that you will be staying here for a while." She said before leaving her post at the bed, walking slowly to the door, and then went out the house.

Alone.

Sighing, I took my hand made wings out from under me, grateful the old woman didn't find them. How would I explain a homemade pair of wings if I had only seen a dragon once or twice? I looked them up and down to make sure they were in pristine condition, and then carefully slide them on the floor.

I got up ignoring the pain I was in, and got dressed. I looked down at myself, and saw how thin I was compared to the men and woman I saw yesterday. _Wow, I've only been here two days, so much has happened.

—

I looked around the room one last time, and then reached in a pocket that I had in my denim under pants, and pulled out a deerskin pouch. I opened it up, and inside was a golden powder.

I tipped a little of it into my hand, and I tickled like a feather against a bare neck. It was a magic holder, you could cast any spell into it and it would work perfectly. And right now I was bored. I would get in such a bad mood if I got too bored.

So I took the powder in my palm, and put it in my mouth, brushing the rest off on the blankets on the bed. Then I said the sleep spell while laying down, "_honyo Kawa", _and I immediately fell asleep.

I think that could have been better, but I was so tired at towards the end I had to do some sort of cliffhanger, and I would also like to thank Ferdoos, DaughterOfTheSeal, snowpelt97, and Kappa Taicho for favoring! Please review! PEACE from Mimi011! :)

6. Chapter 6

Hello and I'm back for another chapter, so call me butter cause' I'm on a roll! I think it might be getting a bit stale though, what do you think? Any suggestions? Thunder angel13 asked why name Hiccup Gen? That is an excellent question, and for the first part of the answer that I've already explained go to one of the previous chapters' beginnings. And for the second part; why? Hmm, well I was thinking of different names for Hiccup, something easy to remember

and short. And my first thought was Gin; g makes the gu sound, a side character from, jeese how do you spell it, um, Rasiro+Vampire. But naming him that would be plagiarism, so I changed it to Gen; g makes the gu sound. And I liked it that way, but what would you name him? So not wanting to keep you waiting any longer, here is another chapter!

"Hey, wake up." I heard a girl's voice ask me from above, and my eyes bolted open and I sat straight up. That was a mistake. I pumped right in to the girl's head, wincing at the pain in my stomach and now my face. I quickly lay back down.

"Ah! What was that for?!" I saw the girl that the teens referred to as Astrid, mild rage on her expression. She gave me what probably was supposed to be a friendly punch in the arm, turned out to be a punch that threw me off the bed.

"I would ask you the same question, but I already know the answer." I said back to her, sprawled out on the floor across from her. I just stayed like that, still having the potion lingering in my system.

"Wow, you're really light, and are you okay?" She said, walking over to the side of the bed that I was on, or at least I thought that was what she was doing, my face against the floorboards. Hm, look at that, you're sleeping on wood. The exact thing you didn't want to do yesterday with Cecilly.

Cecilly, oh I hope that she is okay.

"Can you get up?" Astrid's voice called out from behind me.

"Yeah, but, why should I? It's pretty comfortable down here." I said, being completely honest with her. She just sighed, probably thinking all men were idiots.

"Well my Chief has asked to meet you. His name is Chief Stoic, our leader, wherever you came from most likely has a different system. So get dressed, I have to get you to the Great Hall soon." She said, not knowing that these were my clothes. Such a critic, some people.

So shaking the spell out of my mind, I stretched, causing my back to pop and a small yawn to slip out of my mouth. Then I got up, and stood in front of her.

"Ready." I said, making her look me up and down with a small bight of disgust on her face. Sighing, she turned to the door, and I followed her lead.

She walked out, and I held the door for myself. I watched in awe, it was exactly like home. All the houses, same design. All the other structures, basically the same design. But the people were so much different, not only because they were all human.

They were huge, all the men and women were about a head taller than me. They all had plump figures, but in a creepy way it didn't look like body fat, it looked like muscle. No wonder that old lady hoped I knew how to fight.

"Are you coming?" said Astrid, pulling me out of my thoughts. She had

a bored look, like she just wanted to do nothing to do with me. Which was the case.

"Sure." I said, rather blankly.

As we walked through the village of Berk, I got quite a few questioning stares, but everyone looked as if they had something to do and went on their merry way.

We approached a group of teens, the ones from yesterday, and they pulled us over.

"You still assigned to look over that guy? You're lucky, he looks hot." said that twin blond from yesterday to Astrid, trying to whisper but loud enough that I could still hear it.

"Shut up." Replied Astrid, that bored look still there. Then the other blonde's smile grew and her eyes narrowed. "Well in that case!" she said, turning to me.

"I'm Ruffnut, and you're weird. I like that." She said, coming close to my face. I put my hands up defensively, but then Astrid pulled her off of me.

"We have a place to be, Chief Stoic wants to meet him, and you also have a job to do." She said back to Ruffnut, then looking back to those three guys from yesterday, who just nodded. She must be the leader of their little group.

She started away from the group, and I followed close behind. Then from about five steps away, I gave a glance back at the bunch, and the Ruffnut girl gave me a flirty wave. I quickly turned around and caught up with Astrid.

The rest of the walk was pretty much the same, stares and murmurs. We did have to go on this really rickety, really old, really high bridge once, but she didn't hesitate, so I walked across it with caution.

At the moment we are in front of this huge building, it was built into the side of a mountain. As we approached, I looked wide eyed at the huge statues in front of it of a thirty foot tall man holding two swords, one on each side of the door. They were really hairy, and resembled a lot of the men in the village.

Now the statues were big but this door had to be a joke. It was taller than the statues by about five feet, and was carved into pictures of mini wars. Humans versus dragons, and the humans were winning.

It freaked me out. It had pictures of decapitated Spike Tails with blood gushing up everywhere, and one was what seemed to be a bunch of women and children dancing barefoot in a pile of guts and blood.

It sent shivers down my spine. Was their leader as violent as these pictures described his culture? If he was, I don't really know if I wanted to meet him.

The girl started walking up the many stairs, me close behind. I watched as she amazingly opened the colossal door with ease, and

motioned for me to follow. I gulped, and went inside.

The place was bigger on the inside. It was probably one hundred feet long and wide, with tables all around everywhere. In the middle there was a huge oval hearth, ablaze with orange fire. Above it was a golden dragon with emeralds eyes, and a gigantic golden sword through its middle to go with it.

Oh gods, I'm really in trouble now.

We started towards the hearth, its heat warming me up to the point of sweating. We went around to the other side, and I saw a man with a red beard and a helmet with yak horns on the side. He wore a green tunic, with a bear skin cape. He had a true Viking domineer, with his huge beefy arms, and tall figure, a foot or two taller than I was.

He sat in a stone throne, so he must have been the chief of the tribe.

"Chief Haddock, I have brought you the outsider." Astrid said, showing respect and seriousness to the man she called chief.

_Haddock, now why did that seem so familiar? _

He looked at her, "Good job Hofferson, you may leave now." The chief said in a slightly Scottish accent. She kept her figure and walked away quietly, not showing any weakness towards the chief.

"Now, sit, I want to have a talk with you." The man said, motioning me towards a chair next to him. I sat down, back straight and respectful.

"Now tell me lad, how did you get in the forest? But if you don't want to talk about it then you don't need to tell me." He said, and looked at his face and saw that he probably already knew where I came from.

"I'd rather not talk about." I said, not wanting anything to do with this man, all my instincts were telling me to get the heck out of there.

"Then what's your name? Tell me about yourself." He said straitening his back, trying to look interested. I was silent.

Think of a cool name, like Stormer, or Killer!

"My name,â€|is Hiccup." _Oh boy, real smooth, using your stupid birth name as a cover, great._

The man jumped, but quickly recovered. Probably never heard of a stupid name like that before. But now for some reason he looked genuinely interested.

"And yer' last name?" He asked, leaning in for the answer.

"Rorret." I said, not wanting to be in the lying business anymore. He looked somewhat disappointed, wonder why.

"Well welcome Hiccup, and about your tribe. Do you think they'd be comin' back for you?" He said, sort of pushy.

"They will no doubt come after me, my clan is fairly small, they can't afford to lose a member." I said, hoping that might make a reason for my disappearance at the next full moon. Cecilly could send out a distress call, but this is a test of survival. It's supposed to be rough.

"The healer told me your tribe is peaceful with dragons. How come?" he said. Probably wondering how my 'village' could put up with the 'mindless beasts'.

"Hm, well, since the first of my people came there, the island was never inhabited by dragons. They did come by once in a while, from a migration of some sort. But they never laid any sort of impact on us."

Good, that sounded reasonable. But this chief looked as if he were about to tell a trauma victim they were mad.

"Do you have any fighting skills?" he asked. Well that was out of the blue.

"Yes, my favorite fighting style is Krav Maga. But I'm more fluent in martial arts. I did graduate level six out of ten, which is pretty good for my age. I've wanted to try karate, butâ€|" I stopped my rambling. This man had absolutely NO idea what I was talking about.

"Um, good. About that. But I will have to ask a favor of you." He stopped, trying to see if I even wanted to know what the favor is. Do I?

I gestured for him to go on, and he resumed.

"In my clan it is almost mandatory for each child of age to take a test of skill. Dragon fighting. I'm sorry, I just don't think you'll be leaving any time soon." He said. I can't fight dragons! I have a dragon father and a dragonish girlfriend, no way!

"shhuurre." I said. I do need them to like me.

He stood up, showing off his full height.

"Great, now if you will please follow me." He said, I nodded and followed behind his massive form as we walked out from the weird cliffside hall.

As we walked out we did get a few menacing glances from people in all different drinking stages, and made our leave.

I looked at the pit/coliseum place that this chief led me to. I was a dark, gloomy, blood stained hole in the ground with a barred dome top. There were all sorts of weapons in the pit, none that I knew how to use. The only weapons I knew how to handle were butter swords (named that by the village elder by the way they could slice a skull in half like butter), bow n' arrows, and nun chucks.

But in the arena I saw the same group from earlier today get a little speech from a man with a peg leg and peg arm, with a long blonde mustache.

I couldn't tell what they were saying, but they all looked pumped.

"Go in there with them, this is only their second lesson, but you'll catch up soon." The chief said as he guided me to the entrance.

"You'll do fine! So have fun and don't get killed." He said, lifted the latch and shoved me in.

I looked around; it was almost as shallow and dark as it looked from the top. I went up to the group ahead of me, them barely noticing I was there.

"So today is about survival, again, since you all didn't get done much yesterday', you can make some chance for improvement, today!" the blonde man said and went over to a hatch next to a huge barred door. And whatever was in it I could hear loud and clear.

_ "You cowards! Just wait till I get my claws on you! I'll rip your sorry little heads off!" _ heard a dragon say behind that door, and boy was it pissed. From the pitch the voice was at, I could tell it was a **FlutterFlyer** , or a gronkle, to some people.

All of the teens took a running potion, locked on the nearest shield. I, not knowing exactly what to do, just copied.

Then I heard a loud creak as the door fell open, releasing the extremely pissed dragon out of confinement.

Sure enough, I was right about the breed, but I couldn't get it out of my head that I heard that voice from the dragon somewhere. It was so familiarâ€|

Ms. Nagherwoolen! Oh how could I forget her! She was my babysitter when I was five, until one day she disappeared when taking some down time to herself.

I loved her so much; she would always play with me, listen to me, and take care of me. She was like a mother to me. I can't kill her!

_ " ! It's me! Gen!" _ I said, in dragon tongue.

She turned to me, and her eyes widened. I thought I even saw a tear roll down her armored face. She landed, much to everyone's surprise, because they all just stood there in awe. She walked over to me, and snuggled her nose into my armor.

_ "G g Gen, I is that really you?" _she asked, her eyes full of sadness that only a mother could love.

_ "Yes, it's me, but I feel so bad for you. Did they kepp you captive here, for that long?" _ I said concern in my voice.

I looked into those sad red eyes, and she snuggled my chest even more.

_ "I love you so much." _She said, her voice sadder than her eyes.

_ "I love you to, but I know these people can easily kill you. So just, please go back into where you came from? So you can live?"_ I asked, knowing it might be the only way to keep her alive longer.

She grunted a yes, and quickly went back into her cell. It saddened me to send her away, but my words were truthful.

I walked back to her, and closed her captivity's door. I turned back around to see all of the other teenagers staring at me with their mouths on the floor.

Oh crap.

Hello! I am sooo sorry for not updating sooner; I haven't had a lot of motivation. So I need ideas people! Suggestions! I will make an entire chapter in your honor if I like your idea enough! And mistyelk, you have such a good taste and Drago826 dear, I'm very interested in your story Hitchups, great story dude. So I don't got PM, so you will review this story to talk to me. PEACE from Mimi011
J

7. Chapter 7

I'm back! And losing confidence in this story. Thank you for the suggestions, and I might think of them for later chapters. But they did give me motivation! Thank you for getting me back on track! I went to renaissance festival! It was sooooooooooooooooooooo much fun! I got a really cute pair of satyr horns, ate some cheesecake on a stick, and went to the museum of unnatural history! Do any of you guys go to renaissance festival? Opps! Getting off topic! On with the story! And I dedicate most of this chapter to Ferdoos. And no, Gen is not a half dragon, but he did make a pair of wings for himself. He was accidentally kidnapped by Toothless, and as a punishment had to raise him. And what did get me back on track, truly, was the favorite from YAY productions. I LOVE your story Demon's Curse, it is my FAVORITE story and I encourage u 2 make Ten Years sooner. And most of u r wondering y I don't have PM, which I will put on soon. Reason, every review and every favorite and every follow and now every PM will go into my mom's email, since I don't use my own. It sucks, I know, so be careful what u send to me. She will actually most likely see them before I do.

I stared back at the six pairs of eyes who were staring at me in awe. They were going to need some persuading, something I have never been good at.

"So, I guess I'll see you later, in the, uh, Mead Hall?" I said, walking towards the exit.

They all made no attempt to stop me as I headed out of the arena, and into the forest.

I ran tripping over almost everything. I wasn't scratched though; my shirt and pants took most of the blows. I didn't know where I was, only my destination.

Cecilly.

I needed to warn her. Right now if I was with those humans for another week, I would be doomed. But we couldn't go back to the village, not now. The whole reason we're here is to survive. So I'll stick with the situation for now, and at the next full moon, I'll be home free!

I then fell face first over a root that I tripped on. What a wakeup call. I got on my hands and knees, but then I was back on the ground, something big and heavy was on top of me.

"Gen!" I heard Cecily say from on top of me.

Cecilly.

"Cecilly!" I yelled, rolling so my back was on the ground, being careful not to knock her off me.

"Gen! Oh Gen I missed you so much!" She said. She was in a crotched position over me, tears rolling down her face.

She looked like she had been crying since I left, and her hair actually felt like a real fire. Her hair resembled her emotions. Her eyes were red and puffy. And her breasts were all up in my face, and I was sure my nose was bleeding.

"You. Youâ€|" She stuttered, about to break into a loud wailing dragon like scream.

"**YOU SCARED ME HALF TO DEATH!**" She screamed, her hair shooting about five feet into the air in fury. And I swore her canines lengthened.

"I'm sorry!" I said, my voice sounding like a squeak.

She looked down at me like a lost puppy begging for food.

"But, you were gone. I was so scared. I'm so sorry, so sorry." She said leaning down to continue wailing out her cries into my shoulder. I felt a tang of guilt for leaving her, because she has always had such a strong soul, and this trip was ruining it. I could feel her tears dripping through my armor and seeping into my shirt. Wait a minute.

"Sorry for what?" I asked, sitting up and allowing her to kneel in front of me.

All the pain escaped from her face as if it was never there except for those few tears left to run down her cheeks and her puffy red eyes. Her hair died down on to her shoulders and returned to its natural red color.

"Oh, ah ha, about that." She said, shifting uncomfortably. Her gaze went up to me, and she stared into my eyes. I wish I was better a deciphering body language.

"I signaled the flare to have your dad pick us up." She said, sighing it out.

It was the easiest way out, a bit cowardly, but at what happened

today I'm glad she did.

"When will he be here?" I asked, a little bit of regret in my voice.

"Tonight, but I did have enough time to tell him the situation, and what's weird is he is still coming." She said getting up.

"You coming? We have to pick up camp." She said with exhaustion in the sentence. I stood up to follow, thinking that she probably didn't get a wink of sleep since I left.

I wove in and out the barely familiar trail to the cove, Cecilly a few paces ahead. I looked back to see our footprints imprinted into the thinning sheet of snow. I turned back around to see the entrance just ahead of me.

Night fell, and all packed up and ready to go, me and Cecilly sat on a log waiting for dad to get here. I looked up at the stars as a few on them blacked out a came back on like a flickering fire. I heard his wing beats coming closer to the ground. I stood up, picked up my bag, and walked over to where my dad landed, Cecilly not far behind me.

"I heard about what happened." He said as I swung my leg over the saddle I made for him.

"That was quite unfortunate, but you stayed calm and managed to stay under cover. I'm very proud of you." He said looking me straight in the eyes with that stare of his as a goofy attempt to smile came across his face.

"Thank you." I replied when Cecilly got done attaching the bags to the saddle and hopped on behind me.

"Okay let's blow this popsicle stand!" She yelled hugging my waist.

"Now that's the spirit!" He said and leapt into the air, powerful wings pumping. He banked to the left towards the village. I saw all the people below me start to scream and point towards us, scurrying into their homes and coming out with weapons of all shapes and sizes.

A smirk crept across my face as an arrow shot past us a few feet away.

"Some pretty lousy aim they have." I said as Cecilly took an arrow from her bag along with her bow. I noticed there was a note attached around its middle. The sound of whizzing went past my ear and an old man fell to the ground below us.

"Take that!" I yelled followed by a chuckle when many of the warriors stopped to look upwards at us in awe as they realized we were on top of a dragon. Dad turned around and started flying faster away from the island.

"Time to go home." He said as we disappeared into the night.

Back on Berk. Third person view.

As Chief Stoic watched the Night Fury fly away with the boy and the girl on his back, a single tear fell down from his eye.

"He's alive."

OMG! I'm finally finished with this story! I know this last and final chapter blows and was short compared to my other chapters, but I am thrilled I'm finished with this thing. It ended with a cliff hanger of sorts, and even I, like it or not, can smell sequel in the air. There could very well be a next story to this, but not anytime soon. So goodbye! I thank all of u very much for everything. PEACE from Mimi011.

End
file.